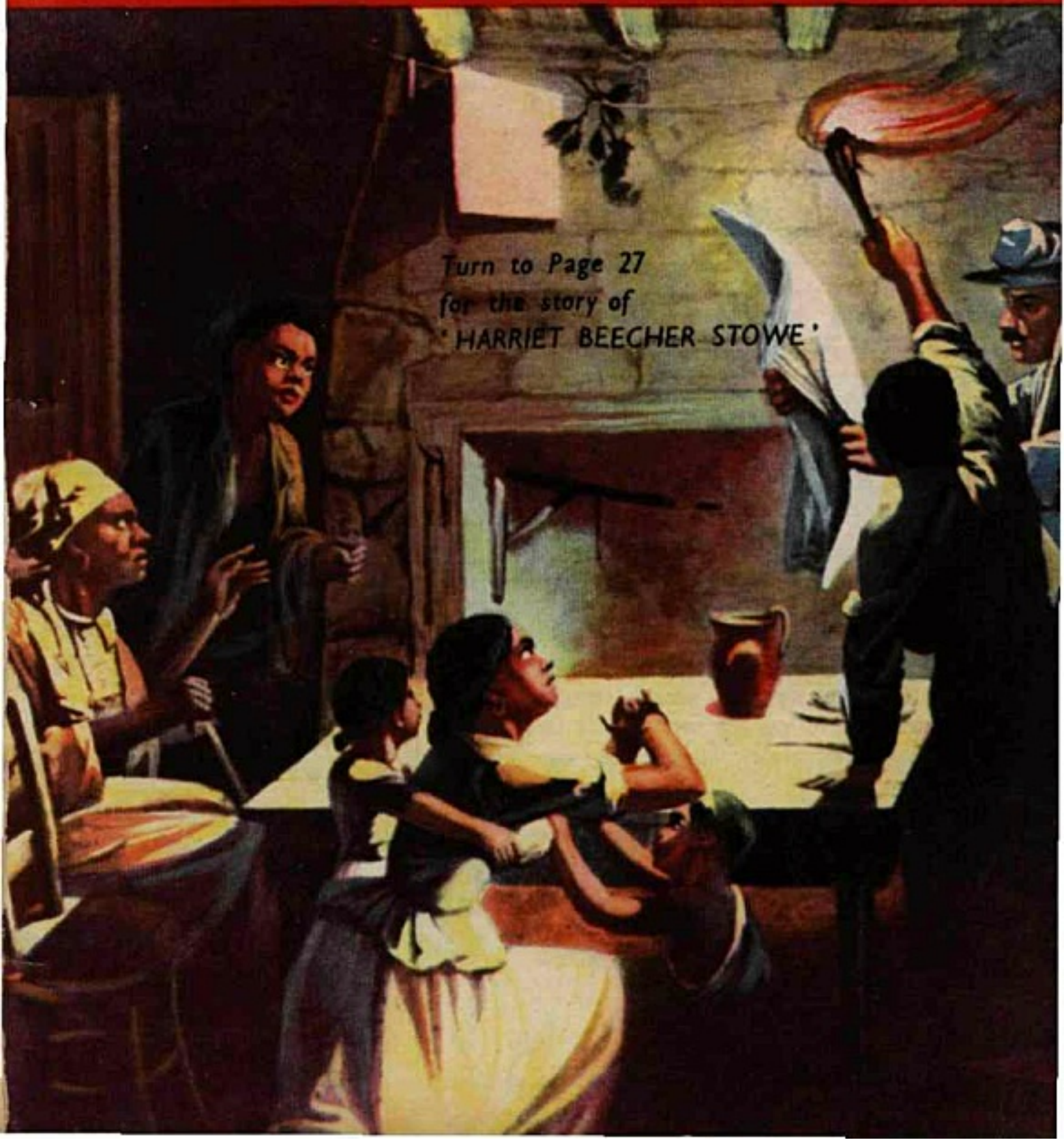


CHANDAMAMA

OCTOBER 1975

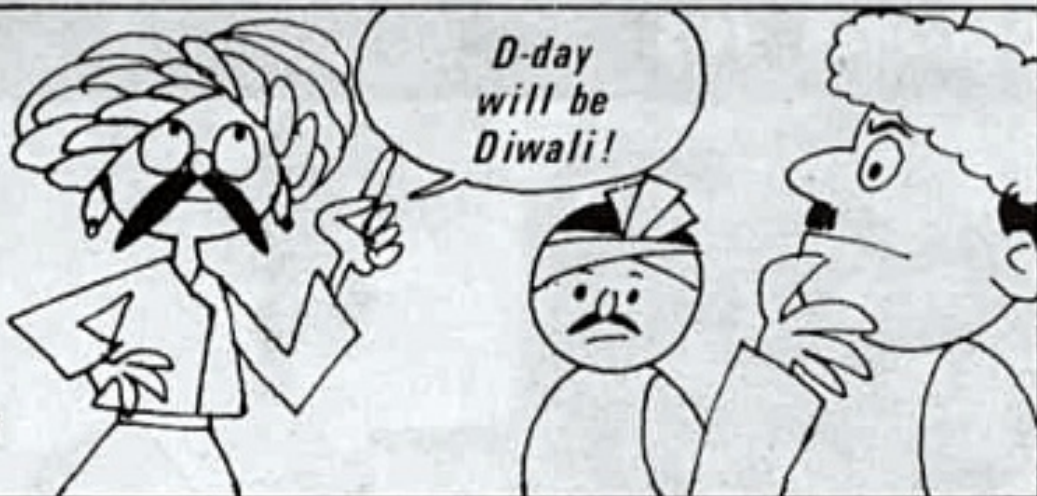
ONE RUPEE

Turn to Page 27
for the story of
'HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'



The Diwali War

The independent state of Dentown, July X05111. Court Astrologer Wide-Eye predicts a forthcoming attack on Fort White Teeth by Demon Acid, Killer COOH.



Later that day, the army chief, addresses the National Assembly.



Binaca-F agrees to help. And comes armed with his secret weapon: Binaca Fluoride Toothpaste.

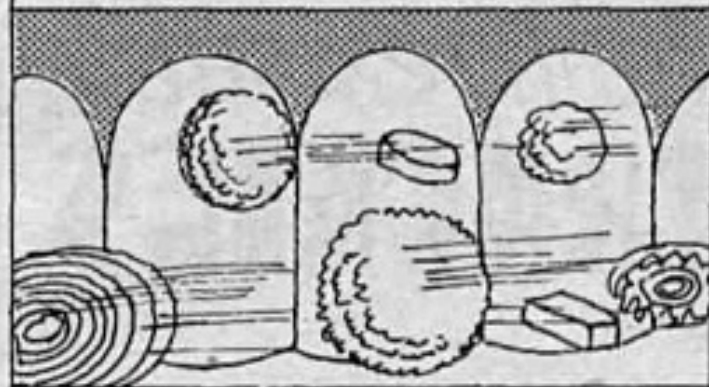


The citizens of Dentown give full support to Binaca-F and follow his instructions faithfully.



Here, brush down the fort with Binaca Fluoride. It will make the walls strong, clean and smooth—so that Killer COOH can get no foothold.

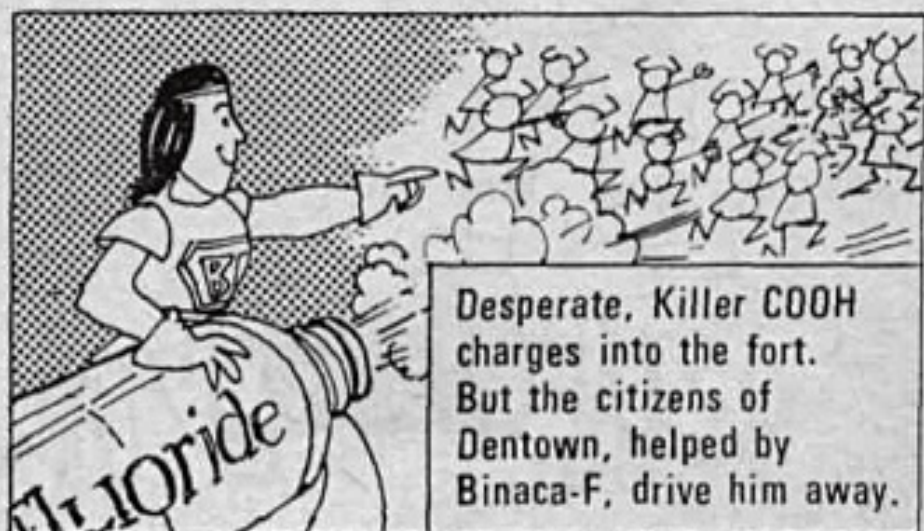
As predicted, early on Diwali Day, Killer COOH strikes. Cannon-ball Ladoos, Barfi Bombs, Peda Pellets—all deadly weapons—come hurtling into the fort.



Heave men!
Fire!
Attack!



But to the amazement of both armies, the fort stands invincible. Binaca Fluoride Toothpaste has strengthened it against attack.



Desperate, Killer COOH charges into the fort. But the citizens of Dentown, helped by Binaca-F, drive him away.

That night there is great rejoicing at Dentown.



**Brush in extra toughness.
Arrest tooth decay with Binaca Fluoride.**





here's *the irresistible* **CRACKIES**

Like Santa Claus, NP brings a lot of flavourite delights for kids —NP Crackies chewing gums in peppermint, pineapple, tutti fruity, orange and unique supari flavours—Bubble gums too.

Then there's Bonbite—the creamy sweet with the inimitable taste. And ballgums in delicious fruit flavours.

your chewy **Flavourite**

(NP)—The only Chewing gums and Bubble gums with **(S)** mark of quality.

Have pockets full of (NP)—your chewy flavorite!

**THE NATIONAL
PRODUCTS**
BANGALORE.



Dattaram-NP-1



SARDAR—THE SYMBOL OF SINCERITY AND DISCIPLINE

The iron man—the indomitable Sardar—the great unifier—are few of the several epithets popularly used to describe Vallabhbhai Patel whose birth centenary is being observed throughout India during this month, October.

And surely, each one of these epithets holds good in regard to one aspect of this epoch-making personality. He was the iron man because false sentiments could never soften him when he stood for an ideal. He was the indomitable Sardar because neither fear nor force could overcome him ever. He was the great unifier because with unsurpassable tact, patience and speed he obliged the hundreds of princely States which dotted India to merge themselves politically with the country, abandoning the dream, which some of them no doubt nursed, of becoming sovereign States once the British left!

“When he said a thing, he meant it; once he was committed to a step, nothing could stop him from taking it,” recollected one of his lieutenants, K. M. Munshi.

Sardar's was a life of great discipline and sincerity. He had realised that India could never go ahead without these twin qualities. He exemplified them in his personal life every aspect of which was noble and lofty. In remembering the Sardar, it is even more important today to remember these two qualities which he upheld, for, without them India would hardly be able to realise her destiny even if she had everything else.

IN THIS ISSUE

- * THE GREAT SARDAR—A Pictorial Story ... 22
- * LIFE OF A GREAT WOMAN, HARRIET BEECHER STOWE ... 27
- * STRANGE HOST OF THE FOREST—Legends of India ... 32
- * A TITILLATING TALE FROM THE PANCHATANTRA ... 35

PLUS 10 COMPLETE STORIES
BESIDES OTHER REGULAR FEATURES

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Anant Desai

Mr. Brahm Dev

- * These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- * Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st OCTOBER
- * Winning captions will be announced in DECEMBER issue
- * Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to : PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST, CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE, MADRAS - 600 026

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in August Issue

The prize is awarded to : Miss Suzan Ann O'Dea
23-34-4 Soldierpetta, VISHAKHAPATNAM 530 001.
Winning Entry—'Pretty Pair'—'A Pet so Rare'

NEWS FOR YOU....

New Ice Age Cometh?

According to Canadian Scientists, the Antarctic ice sheet which is about the size of Europe, may be disintegrating!

If that really happens, gigantic chunks of ice sheet might slip into the ocean, raising the sea level, worldwide, by about 20 per cent.

The Antarctic ice sheet, which is at places about five km thick, has many "lakes" of warm water under it. These "lakes" are melting the ice and that may lead to the disintegration.

If the ice sheet really crumbles and sends chunks into the seas, their white surface would reflect a lot of sunlight back into space cooling the atmosphere. That might cause another ice age to set in!

Man with Green Hair!

A 51-year-old man is growing bright green hair on his head, according to the **New England Journal of Medicine**. "It is really quite striking," says Dr. Lewis B. Holmes of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Doctors don't know why and they have requested for help from others who might know.

Can you by any chance figure out how this strange phenomenon has been possible?

....AND SOME VIEWS TOO

A Guide to 20th Century Thoughts on Knowledge

Much that we hug today as knowledge is ignorance pure and simple ...It makes the mind wander and even reduces it to a vacuity.

—M. K. Gandhi

But self-examination, if it is thorough enough, is nearly always the first step toward change. I was to discover that no one who learns to know himself remains just what he was before.

—Thomas Mann

What men really want is not knowledge but certainty.

—Bestrand Russel

I love thee for a heart that's kind,
Not for the knowledge in thy mind.

—W. H. Davies



JARS OF GOLD

In a certain bazar lived a trader who, though quite wealthy, always desired to accumulate more wealth. But, unfortunately, his condition never changed for the better.

One day he was on his way to the town. The sun was overhead and it was very hot. He sat down under a tree, still engrossed in the dream of getting richer. Suddenly he heard an eerie voice: "Will you like to possess seven jarfuls of gold?"

Taken aback, the trader looked up and down and in all directions. He saw none. However, he uttered his reply aloud, "I do not know who speaks, but I have no doubt that the speaker is a most benevolent being. I will, of course, be delighted to receive

the seven jars!"

"Well, then," he heard the voice again, "proceed home. The jars will be there."

Instead of going to the town, the trader ran back to his home. Indeed, in his bed room lay deposited seven jars of gold.

Gambolling with joy, the trader opened the jars one after another and found that they were full to the brim with coins and ornaments of glittering gold. Only the seventh jar was not quite full and that made the trader a bit sad.

But soon he decided to fill that up somehow in order to have the satisfaction of having all the jars full. Accordingly he persuaded his wife to put off all the ornaments she wore and put them in the jar. But even then the jar did not appear full.

He bought gold with whatever money he had and tried to fill the jar. Failing, he borrowed a fat amount from the village landlord who was his friend and bought more gold and put them in the jar.

Still the jar did not fill up.

The trader had no other wish in him excepting that of filling the jar. He spent as little as possible for the management of his family. He ate little and wore torn clothes. With the money saved thereby, he kept on buying bits of gold and putting them into the jar.

He became emaciated and looked like a lunatic. Soon he took to begging.

One day, by chance, he ran into his friend, the landlord. Surprised at the trader's condition, the landlord casually observed, "I hope, you have

not become a victim of the seven jars!"

"Good God! How did you know my secret?" queried the trader. The landlord understood that he had guessed right.

"I know several people who have been reduced to utter misery by the seven evil jars. If you want to live, go and wash your hands off the jars at once," said the landlord.

The trader rushed to the tree and shouted, "O Spirit of the seven jars! I have no use of your gifts any more. Please take them back."

When he returned home, he found the seven jars vanished. All that he had put into the seventh jar had also gone. Yet he felt relieved and decided to lead a peaceful life, satisfied with what he earned in the normal course of his business.



FUN WITH SCIENCE

Here's a way to have musical fun with drinking straws.

Flatten one end of a straw, and snip off the corners with scissors. Put this flat end between your lips and blow. The sound it makes will surprise you. It may also surprise you to learn that orchestral wind instruments such as oboes, clarinets, saxophones, and so on, work in the same way.

Halve the straw with scissors and blow again. Now you're producing a shorter air column, so you'll get a higher pitched note.

If you push another straw into the end of your 'flute', you'll produce a deeper sound. Something like a mooing cow. Hold a funnel 'trumpet' bell at the end to amplify the sound.

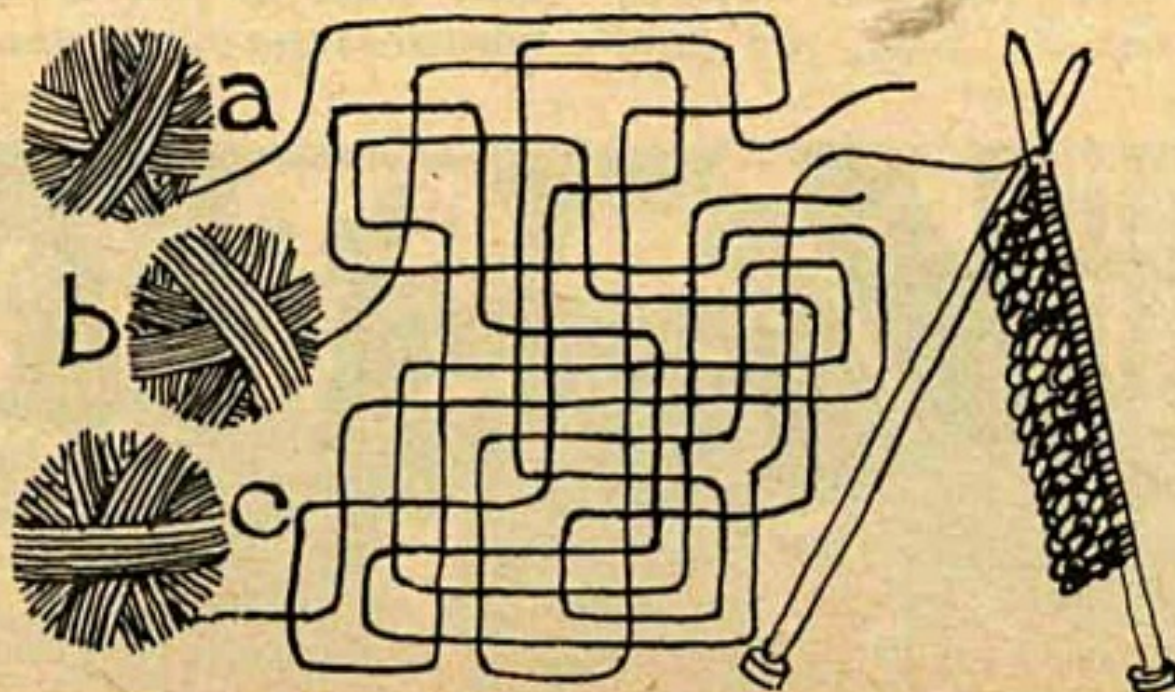
You can imitate an American police siren by fitting a glass tube over your straw, to play it like a trombone.

But the stunt to earn your friends' applause is to play a scale. Do this by giving a sustained blow into your straw while snipping bits from it.

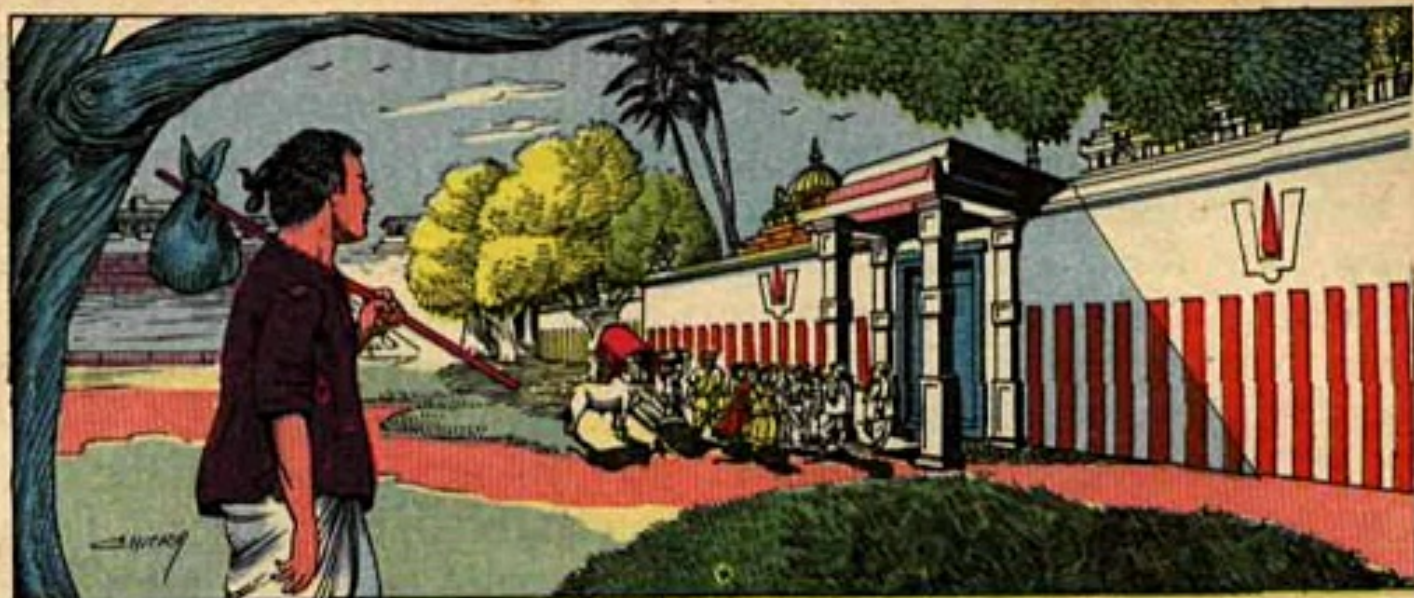


PUZZLE TIME

Try to unravel the wool to find out which ball is being used for knitting. And try not to get into too much of a tangle while doing so!



ANSWER: C



RAMU IN SEARCH OF LUCK

The young Ramu was ambitious, honest though. His father had a small shop in his village. But it was very hard for them to maintain the family with the meagre income that came from the shop.

Ramu planned to proceed to the city so that he could take employment in some big shop and could learn the methods of successful business. His parents did not wish to stand on the way of the ambitious youth. Ramu left for the city one morning.

All he carried with himself was a small bundle containing an extra set of dress and some food. At midday he arrived near a big temple. There were

several big trees around the temple and a lake beside it. Ramu decided to take a little rest there.

It so happened that the family and friends of a rich man, Raghav Gupta, were then waiting near the temple. Raghav Gupta's daughter was to be married to the son of a millionaire. The bridegroom's party arrived soon. A marriage in that famous temple was considered most auspicious.

Ramu approached an old woman of the bride's party and told her, "Granny! Will you kindly keep my bundle with you for a while? I will return soon after a dip in the lake and having a glimpse of the deity."

The woman had no objection to it.

Ramu bathed in the lake and went into the temple to pray to the Lord for the success of his mission. Then he returned to the woman, took back his bundle and resumed his journey.

He had walked a mile when he felt hungry. He sat down on the bank of a pond and opened his bundle.

But what a surprise awaited him when he found that the bundle contained, instead of his dress and food, a variety of jewellery! He understood that the old woman had handed over

to him a wrong bundle.

Ramu began to run towards the temple he had left behind. On reaching there he found the two parties shouting at each other splitting their throats. Raghav Gupta tried to convince the millionaire that the jewellery meant for the bride had somehow been lost. The millionaire and his men, unfortunately, thought that Raghav Gupta was trying to pass on his daughter without any costly ornament.

If the auspicious moment passed without the marriage being performed, that would



mean a life-long curse for the bride. Raghav Gupta, naturally, was trying his best to appease the bridegroom's party and was on the verge of tears. But the millionaire thought that he had been deceived. He announced that his son could not marry Raghav's daughter.

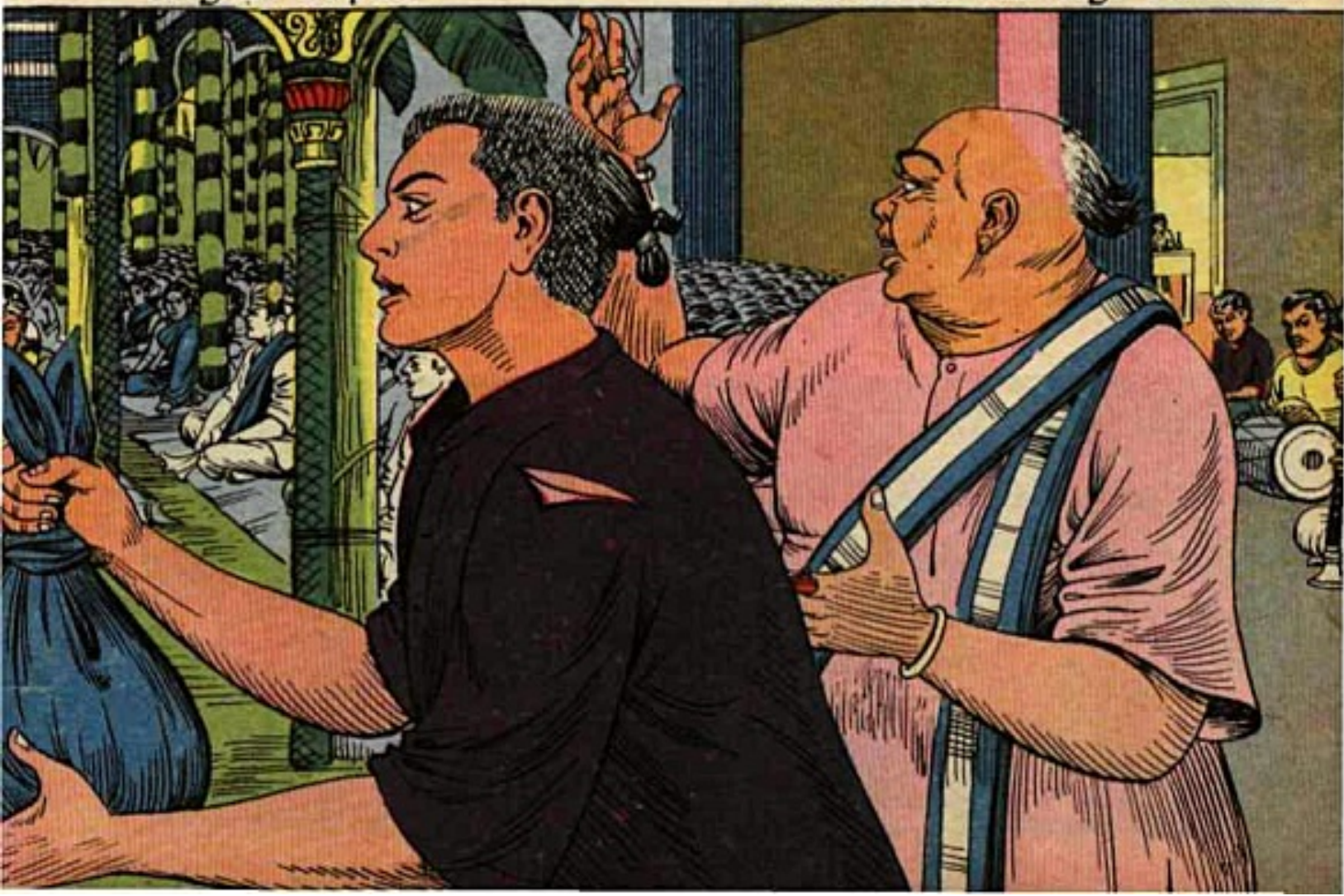
At this moment Ramu made his appearance and asked Raghav Gupta, "Where is the good old woman who sat under the tree?"

"You are speaking of my mother, are you? It is she who has created this crisis," said Raghav Gupta.

"Your mother made a mistake. She gave me a bundle of jewellery instead of my bundle of clothes and food. Here it is," Ramu said as he gave back the bundle to Raghav Gupta.

All the hullabaloo was silenced. The millionaire understood that Raghav Gupta had no motive to deceive him. A look at the jewellery brightened up his face. He signalled his priest to go ahead with the marriage proceedings.

Raghav Gupta expressed his deep gratefulness to Ramu and requested him to remain with them till the marriage was over.



The bride also came to know all about Ramu.

Ramu was happy to join the bride's party.

Then came the time when the bridegroom must put on a sacred thread around the bride's neck. The quiet bride, Yashoda, suddenly spoke out to the bridegroom, "You have no business to put the thread around my neck. The jewellery are there on that plate. Put the thread around the plate and marry the jewellery, for, that is what you desired!"

All stood struck dumb. Yashoda said again, "What a contrast between you and that poor youth! You lacked nothing, yet you were ready to withdraw from the marriage for a few ornaments. That youth is so poor that he has left his old parents in the village and

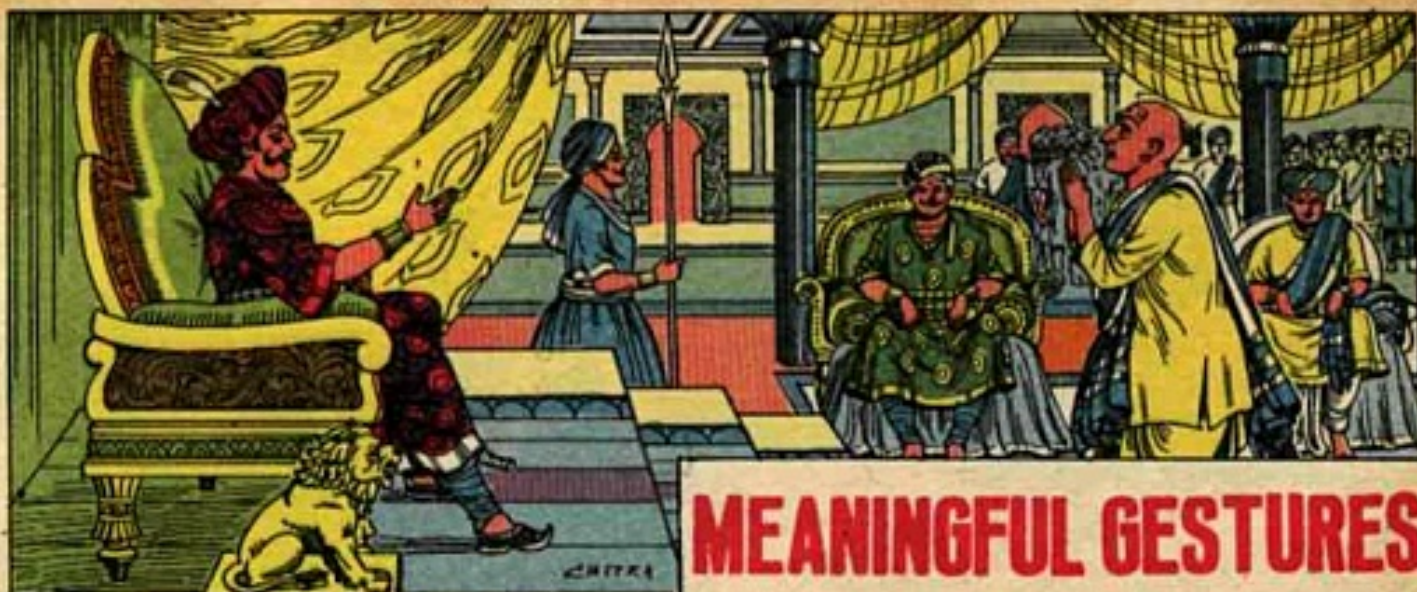
is going in search of some luck to the city. Yet when luck met him through my granny's error, he did not accept it because he had not earned it. If marry I must, I must look forward to marry such an exemplary character!"

Yashoda found instant support in the younger members of her party. Raghav Gupta tried for a while to change his daughter's mind. But he did not succeed and from his face it seemed he did not quite mind his failure!

The bridegroom's party furiously shrieked and threatened Raghav Gupta. But they could do nothing and had to go back with the bridegroom, frustrated.

Ramu married Yashoda and in due course shouldered a great part of his father-in-law's roaring business.





MEANINGFUL GESTURES

In days gone by there was a pundit at Kanchipur, Ram Sharma, who had mastered the unusual art of conveying ideas through gestures instead of words.

One day Ram Sharma presented himself before the king of a neighbouring country and sought an appointment in his court by the virtue of his knowledge of this rare art.

The king, however, was not impressed by Ram Sharma. To dismiss him, he said, "Well, Pundit, your art is nothing new to us. We have already a scholar who is adept in conveying valuable ideas through gestures."

"Where is he? I will like to meet him," said Ram Sharma with curiosity.

"He is in our academy at Shivgangpur," replied the king.

At Shivgangpur the king had

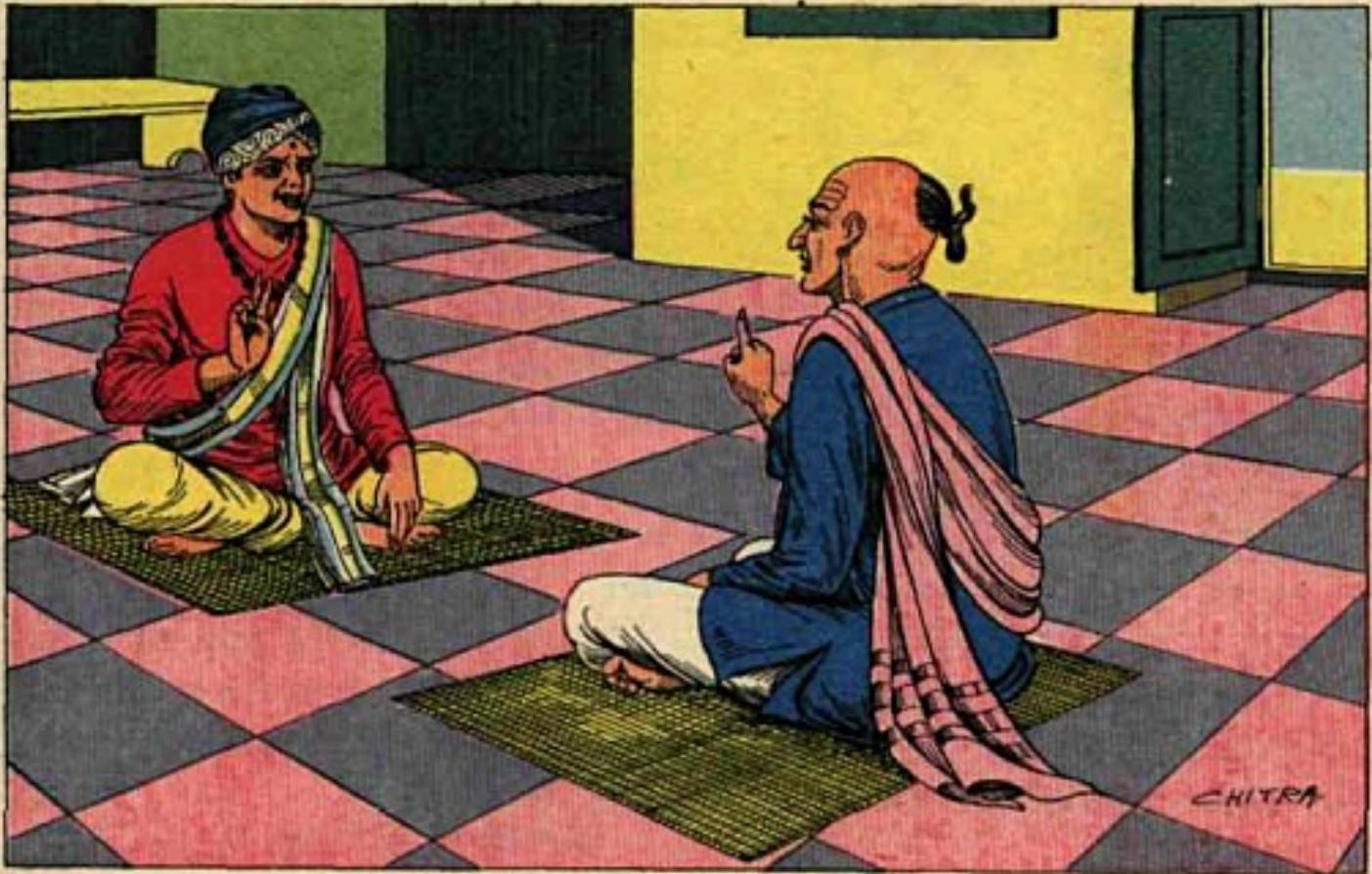
an educational institution. That was quite far and the king never thought that Ram Sharma would take the trouble of visiting the place.

But Ram Sharma immediately set out for Shivgangpur. On his arrival there, he sought out the principal of the academy and told him what has passed between himself and the king.

The clever principal guessed the situation and said, "Sharmaji! The scholar you desire to meet is now out on a pilgrimage. I have no idea when he will return."

"Never mind. I am willing to wait," answered Ram Sharma and lodged himself comfortably in the academy's guest house.

When the principal saw that his trick did not click, he chose one of the servants of the academy and dressed him like a scholar. The servant had lost



one eye. Nevertheless, when properly dressed up, he looked grave enough for the occasion.

The principal then told Ram Sharma, "Good news, Sharmaji, the scholar cut short his tour and returned last night. He is waiting for you in the next room. You can meet him and satisfy yourself."

Ram Sharma went to the next room, greeted the disguised servant and taking his seat, began his communication by showing one finger.

Immediately the servant responded by showing two fingers. Ram Sharma then showed three fingers. The servant, in reply, dangled his clenched fist.

Ram Sharma's next move was to take out an apple from his bag and to show it. Instantly the servant brought out a piece of bread from his bag and showed it to Sharma.

Ram Sharma bowed down to the servant and left the room. The principal who met him outside, asked, "Sharmaji, what is your impression of our scholar?"

"A great scholar, indeed!" replied Ram Sharma.

When the principal asked him how he came to such a conclusion, Ram Sharma replied, "The scholar is not only gifted with ready wit but also he is a sound philosopher. I showed him one finger to mean that

God Vishnu governed us all. He replied by showing two fingers which meant that Vishnu cannot be thought of without Lord Shiva. I then showed three fingers to indicate that in that case why should we not bring in Brahma too, completing the trinity? To this he replied by showing his fist, which meant all these Gods constituted the one divinity!

"I then showed a nice apple to indicate that we should offer our best things to God. He showed a coarse piece of bread which meant that God did not mind accepting even a poor offering if it was made sincerely.

"Thus, quite impressed by

your scholar, I am leaving for my village," concluded Ram Sharma and thanking the principal for his hospitality, left.

The principal then called the servant and asked him, "What transpired between you and Ram Sharma?"

"Sir! This Sharma was a very rude fellow. But I snubbed him. As soon as he entered the room he pointed one finger at me, teasing me for my having only one eye. I pointed two fingers at him, indicating that it won't take me long to pierce the two eyes he vaunted before me. At that the poor fellow looked pale and showed three fingers, perhaps to please me





by saying that together we had three eyes after all. His gesture angered me and I showed my fist to tell him that I will smash his head if he made any reference to the eyes any more.

“Ram Sharma was so much afraid that he immediately wanted to please me further by giving me a fruit. But I showed

him a piece of bread to mean that as long as I had that how did I care for his fruit! That put him at his wit's end. He bowed to me and took to his heels.”

The principal and others burst into a peal of laughter. In due course the matter reached the king's ears who too had no less hearty a laugh.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





LOOK, LEARN AND EARN!

In the middle of a village lived a woman and her only son. The son, whose name was Mangal, was a clever boy, but he knew no work.

"Sonny! In a year or two you should be eligible for marriage. Is it good for you to idle away your time? You should learn some work whereby you can earn your livelihood!" the mother told the boy one day.

"But, mother, what work can I do? I know nothing!" replied the boy.

"Well, my boy, nobody is born carrying the knowledge of any work. You must observe how others work and choose a vocation for yourself. Look at the veranda of the landlord's office. You will see a tailor cutting new dress for customers or repairing their old garments. You can also see a hair-dresser and a cobbler busy with their work. They are proud to be

able to maintain their families with what they earn. You should not be deprived of such pride when you have raised a family," said the mother. Mangal was very much impressed by his mother's words. He sat on the veranda of his house and observed how the tailor, the barber and the cobbler worked throughout the day.

In the evening the mother asked him, "What were you doing for the whole day?"

"I was observing how people work," replied Mangal. Next day Mangal saw that an unusually large number of customers kept pressing around the three little shops. He was curious and on inquiry learnt that a son had been born to the king of the land. There would be a grand festival to celebrate the occasion. One of

the features of the festival would be exchange of witty questions and answers. Those who can ask intriguing questions as well as those who can answer such questions satisfactorily would get rewards.

Mangal, with his mother's consent, went to see the festival which took place around the king's palace. All the people were fed by the king and then a variety of competitions started.

Mangal strolled amidst the festival ground for a while and then came to a place where questions and answers were being exchanged. With the permission of the president, Mangal put these questions to the crowd, "One works looking below. One works looking up. The third one works looking up and down. Who are they?"

After a while a scholar replied, "The man who looks below must be an ascetic who has no interest in the world

around him. The one who looks up must be a devotee looking at God..."

"No," said Mangal interrupting, "Did I not mention that they work?" There was silence. Then the president said, "Young man, better you answer your questions yourself."

"The cobbler works looking below, the barber works looking up at the heads of his customers and the tailor looks up and down, taking measurements of his customer's figure," replied Mangal. There was prolonged applause at his answer. Mangal was rewarded three hundred rupees for his three clever questions and nine hundred rupees for his three excellent answers.

Back at home Mangal handed over to his mother the twelve hundred rupees he had got and said, "Mother! I looked and learnt following your advice, and this is what I earned!"





THE GREAT SARDAR

One of the makers of modern India, Vallabhbhai Patel, was born a century ago, on October 31, 1875, at Karansad in Gujarat.

An ambitious boy, he struggled against all difficulties and qualified himself as a lawyer. With the income from his practice, he financed his elder brother, Vithalbhai, who too is remembered as a great patriot, to study bar-at-law in London. Later Vallabhbhai became a barrister himself and began practice at Ahmedabad.



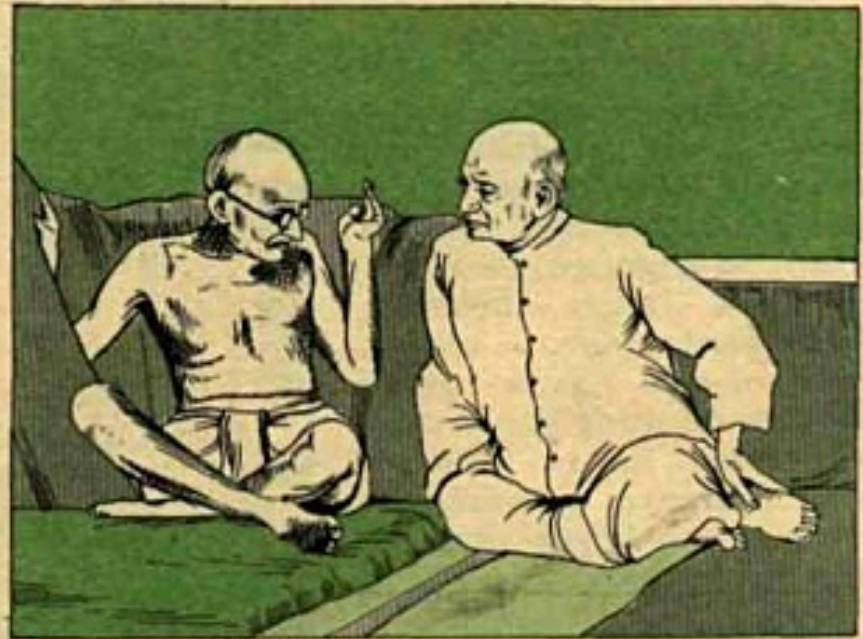
This was the time when Gandhiji arrived from South Africa. He addressed a meeting at the Gujarat Club while Vallabhbhai was present there. But the young barrister thought it wiser to pass his time playing bridge than listening to Gandhiji.



But the young barrister could not sustain his apathy towards Gandhiji for long. Gandhiji launched a mass movement at Champaran of Gujarat to protect the interest of the poor workers of the Indigo plantation against the ruthless exploitation by the plantation owners. Gandhiji's courage and firmness deeply impressed Vallabhbhai. There was a severe famine in Kheda district. But the Government was keen to

realise the taxes although the people were starving. Gandhiji led a Satyagraha against such harassment by the Government. Vallabhbhai was now his right-hand man. "If it were not for his assistance, the campaign would not have been such a success," said Gandhiji.

Vallabhbhai was now devoting all his time to the cause of the country, proving himself a unique organiser and a leader of



great merit, particularly during the non co-operation movement of 1920. In 1928 he mobilised the peasants of Bardoli and defeated a Government move to increase the land-taxes. He came to be called the Sardar or the Leader. He became the President of the Indian National Congress at its Karachi session, in 1931. Soon thereafter, he was arrested and spent 16 months with Gandhiji at Yeravada jail.



Without consulting the Indians, the British Government made India a party in the Second World War, in 1939. This annoyed the leaders. "We cannot assist you in your battle unless we were free," said the Congress and asked the British to quit India. the Sardar Patel moved the historic 'Quit India' Resolution in the Congress.

Gandhiji, Sardar Patel, Nehru and all the top leaders were soon arrested. Government met the people's protests with violence. Crowds were shot at and rebels were flogged and tortured.



Decades of struggle, mostly non-violent, and untold suffering and sacrifice on the part of India at last won her the freedom on the 15th of August, 1947, after 190 years of British rule. Sardar Patel became the Deputy Prime Minister of India, with Nehru as the Prime Minister.

But to Sardar Patel, far from being the achievement of a goal, independence only meant a new phase of strenuous work. On the eve of independence and soon after, bloody riots broke out between Muslims and Hindus. As the Home Minister, Sardar Patel showed great patience and skill in bringing the situation under control.



India had about 600 feudal States ruled by princes. Some of them dreamt of becoming independent once the British had left. It was Sardar Patel's personality and determined efforts that obliged them to merge their territories with the rest of India.

After a glorious and eventful career, this great son of India died in 1950. His contribution to the cause of India's freedom was invaluable; so also was his contribution to solving the country's problems during his 40 months in power.





THE CONSEQUENCE

While on his death-bed, the old Krishnadas called his two sons, Jagat and Vimal, to his bed-side and said, "Divide the property between yourselves after my death. But never quarrel."

The brothers assured him that they would do as he desired. The old man died and the sons gave him a good burial.

Then they pulled down their dilapidated hut and built two new huts side by side.

The properties their father left were limited to a dog and a brood of fowls. Jagat, the elder brother, thought that if he could own the brood it would be so easy for him to earn his livelihood by selling the eggs. He decided to deceive

his younger brother and said, "Vimal, as advised by our late lamented father, we must avoid quarrel. I propose, you take the precious dog, I take those worthless fowls! What do you say?"

Vimal had no objection to the proposal. He happily led the dog to his hut.

Jagat started selling eggs from the very next morning. But Vimal did not know what to do for feeding himself as well as the dog. He thought a lot and then at last entered the forest with his dog. Assisted by the dog, he soon managed to kill a deer. He carried it to the bazar and sold it at a good price.

Vimal now went into the



forest everyday in search of animals. His dog proved an excellent hunter. Sometimes he could capture live rabbits and sold them at fancy price to rich people who loved to keep them for show.

Seeing that Vimal lived much more comfortably than he did, Jagat became very much jealous of him. He decided to kill Vimal's dog.

One evening, while Vimal was not at home, Jagat mixed poison with a handful of cooked rice and offered it to the dog. The dog lost no time in swallowing it, but soon afterwards it vomited out the stuff behind Jagat's roost and then went to

sleep in his master's hut.

When it was morning, Jagat came out of his hut, sure to see Vimal weeping near his dead dog. But to his great surprise, he saw Vimal going out towards the forest, as usual, with his dog.

After they disappeared from his sight Jagat went near his roost to free his fowls. But to his utter horror he found the entire brood dead. It took a long time for him to realise that the fowls had gobbled up the poisonous food vomited out by the dog.

He wept sitting near his roost till Vimal came and consoled him.



"I wouldn't mind having a cat
who loves TV—if he
wasn't so shortsighted!"

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE



"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium?" exclaims the hero when he sees the vision of Helen of Troy, in Christopher Marlowe's famous play, *Dr. Faustus*.

It was perhaps with an equal sense of wonder that the American President, Abraham Lincoln, exclaimed, "Is this the little lady who wrote the book that made this big war?" when he met Harriet Beecher Stowe at a reception he gave in her honour in the White House in 1862.

The middle of the nineteenth century was a period of great tension and turbulence for the United States of America. An intense strife took place between the southern and the northern States on the issue of slavery. For many reasons the southern States were determined to retain the system of slavery while the northern States were in favour of abolishing the system.

Mr. Lyman Beecher's house was situated at Cincinnati, a town in the border of the two regions. Mr. Beecher was a man of position in the Church and was respected by the townsfolk. His house had turned a haven for such slaves who tried to escape from the south to the north. Overwhelmed with compassion, Mr. Beecher's daughter, Harriet, (born in 1811) often fed such refugees and listened to their tales of woe in a dusky corner of the house lest she should be spied upon by any pro-slavery neighbour.

And the tales she heard—the true accounts of the suffering of the black slaves—would have put any imaginary tale of cruelty to shame. The treatment the slaves received from their masters was worse than what man would do to beasts. Through abuse and whips they toiled on till they died of disease, un-nursed, or sheer exhaustion.

Harriet stored the tales in her memory. She wondered whether the civilized world realised the curse that was the slavery. If it did not, it was time, she thought, to make it realise the same. Thus was born the *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, out of her deep sympathy with the suffering slaves and her agony at the apathy of the society towards this aspect of human misery.

Although *Uncle Tom's Cabin* abounds in characters, the plot is simple: Tom is a slave, rich in human qualities, owned by one Mr. Shelby. The master unfortunately runs into bad days. In order to pass out of the situation, he is obliged to sell away some of his best slaves. Slaves, accustomed to a kind master were always panic-struck at the prospect of having to serve new masters. A woman slave and her son escape. Tom too had



the chance of slipping away. But he did not, because that would mean loss to his master, Mr. Shelby.

Tom is bought over by a slave-trader and is separated from his wife and children. It is a heart-breaking sequence.

The slave-trader takes his new purchases in a boat down the Mississippi. It so happened that a little girl, Eva, was about to drown in the river. Tom saves her in a daring manner. Eva's grateful father buys Tom from the trader and Tom passes his days happily in company of the sweet Eva.

But it was a short-lived

happiness. Eva suddenly dies and her father is killed in a brawl in a tavern. Tom's next master is one Leghee, a cruel planter. Tom is harassed and tortured. Once Leghee suspects him of having helped two of his slaves to escape. He is beaten up brutally.

In the meanwhile condition in the family of his earlier master has improved. Old Mr. Shelby's son arrives to buy Tom. But it was a bit late. Tom has passed away!

Uncle Tom's Cabin caught the imagination of the people as soon as it was published. Lakhs of copies were sold in America where, it is said, 'every reasonably literate' person read it. There was an unprecedented rush for the book in England where several "pirated" or unauthorised editions were brought out by various publishers. The book became a must for both who condemned and who supported slavery. Those who had formed no opinion earlier, now championed the cause of the abolition of slavery after reading the book.

Soon the passions rose high and civil war broke out between the northern and the southern States. Many people think that

it was *Uncle Tom's Cabin* which was directly responsible for the civil war. We are not sure. But no doubt, the book, next to the system of slavery itself, was the greatest single factor influencing the war. Those who fought for the abolition of slavery derived much of their zeal from the horrors of slavery portrayed in this book.

In her personal life, Harriet Beecher Stowe was shy but warm to all and a dutiful wife and mother. She was a teacher for some years. Married to a professor, Calvin Ellis Stowe, she passed through many anxious days due to her husband's ill health. After the unprecedented success of her book she toured Europe and received ovations at many places, for her book had already been translated into several languages.

She spent her last days in a house she bought in Florida. After her husband's death in 1886, she hardly mixed with the society. But in the public mind she was the symbol of fire and protest.

Harriet Beecher Stowe died in 1896, not only the author of a great work in literature, but also the author of a great social revolution.

LOOKING AT FRUITS

The food of fragrance

Wild strawberries have existed since very early times in several areas of the world including Asia, Alaska, Britain, Europe and North and South America.

The ancient Romans so enjoyed this fruit that they gave it the name *Fragaria*, meaning Fragrance, and this has survived as its botanical name.

People of ancient England spoke of 'streowberies' to describe the way the plant 'strew' or strayed over the ground by sending out runners in all directions.

They have always been considered a delicacy. So much

so that King Richard III of Britain held up the arrangements for his coronation to ask



the Bishop of Ely to let him have 'a messe of them' from the Bishop's garden.

By the end of the 15th century, the crying of 'fresh strawberries' was a common sound in the streets of the English towns. Country people gathered the fruit and took them to the markets where they sold them for four pence a bushel. But, as the towns grew bigger, and the distance from the country lengthened, the price of strawberries increased. At one time, in London, they fetched £10 per pound for they

had to be brought by horseback and it was not uncommon for highwaymen to steal whole consignments of the fruit.

But the strawberries we buy in the shops or grow in our gardens nowadays are a cultivated variety. They originated from the crossing of the North American meadow strawberry, introduced into Britain during the second half of the 18th century, and the large Chilean strawberry, which the Indians of Chile had been cultivating for centuries.

The strange thing about strawberries is, that although we call them a fruit this is not strictly correct. The tiny, hard pellets, known as achenes, scattered over the outside surface, are the true fruit. The delicious fleshy part we eat is called a torus and is formed from the centre of the strawberry flower. It secretes nectar which is partially concealed so that only certain insects, like bees and wasps, can visit the flower to pollinate it. As the petals fall away, the torus forms a cushion for the achenes, and a delicacy for us.



STRANGE HOST OF THE FOREST

A long road went zigzag by the side of a dense forest. A lone traveller was plodding along the road.

Suddenly a pious-looking brahmin appeared before the traveller and in a sweet voice, said, "O traveller, you look so tired! Would you not come to my hut and rest for a while? How happy I will be to entertain you to lunch!"

Who would not welcome such a proposal? The traveller followed the brahmin happily and soon they came to a hut in a side of the forest.

"Relax while I cook for you. And be sure, I am going to kill my prize lamb for you," said the brahmin with the smile of a kind host.

And to be sure, he dragged out a chubby, round lamb and killed it before the grateful guest. With great care he cooked the meat, all the while keeping the guest engaged in warm talks. He cooked a potful of fragrant rice too. And then he spread a roll of deer-skin on the ground and requested the guest to sit on it and then placed the rice and

the meat before him.

The hungry guest sat down to enjoy the food. As soon as he finished the meat, the brahmin suddenly called out, "Vatapi, Vatapi, my brother, where are you?"

The guest felt a queer sensation in his stomach. But before he could guess what was happening, his stomach burst and out came Vatapi, a ghastly-looking demon.

Seeing Vatapi emerge out of the guest's stomach, the brahmin too changed himself into his real form which was that of even a more ghastly-looking demon.

In front of the two demons lay the unfortunate traveller—dead.

And the two demons, the two brothers, Ilvala and Vatapi, laughed and laughed till their sides ached. Then they hurled their victim's deadbody into the forest. It was great fun to them.

This went on for a long time. Every day Ilvala would entice some traveller into his house. Vatapi would change himself



into a lamb. When the traveller would have eaten the cooked lamb, Ilvala would call out for his brother. Assuming his original form, Vatapi would come out at once, tearing through the guest's stomach, killing him in the process.

Generally the demons selected the brahmins for their victims, for, the two had some special grievance against them. That is why Ilvala moved about in the guise of a brahmin and lured brahmin travellers into his trap.

One day Ilvala met a hefty, short-statured traveller sporting

a handy beard. From certain marks, the demon could know that he was a brahmin. The demon was quite happy and in accordance with his habit, invited the traveller to his hut.

The traveller smiled and accepted the invitation. And merrily did he eat the dish of meat offered to him by the host.

As usual, Ilvala then called out, "Vatapi, Vatapi, where are you?" and looked at the guest gleefully to enjoy his predicament. But far from showing any sign of discomfiture, the strange guest just passed his



hand on his tummy and it seemed he had succeeded in digesting thoroughly whatever he had eaten.

Ilvala, at first bewildered, soon came rushing towards his guest, changing into his terrific shape, to devour him. But he had hardly touched the guest when the latter cast an angry

look at him and plop went the demon in smoke!

Needless to say, this guest was no ordinary man. He was in fact the great sage Agastya, with occult power to destroy not one but ten demons!

Thus ended the menace that was wrought by the two demon brothers, Ilvala and Vatapi.



"We'll just have to get a bigger igloo!"

THE TORTOISE IN THE SKY!

In a certain lake in a forest lived a tortoise who had a great deal of curiosity about the world. But a tortoise that he was, his desire to see the wide world got never fulfilled. Sometimes he would boast before the fish folk of the lake, "I am now starting on a pilgrimage to the holy city of Varanasi. I can't keep on gasping in this little lake forever like you fellows!"

But he would have hardly approached the palm tree which overlooked the lake when the sun would go down and he would make a hasty retreat to the lake.

And before the fish folk, he would boast, "I had almost reached Varanasi. I could see the towers and temples on the horizon. But as darkness began falling, I had to rush back. Not that I was ever afraid of night, but I thought of you fellows. Who would guard you if I were not there?"



"It is awfully kind of you, Mr. Tortoise, and we thank you very much," the fish would say and that would flatter the tortoise very much.

The tortoise, however, had two good friends in two swans. The swans, in course of their flights, saw many beautiful places and spoke about them to the tortoise. The tortoise heard them with rapt attention and retold them to the fish. Only, he never gave out that he had heard them from the swans.

One year there was no rain in the area. The water-level of the lake came down. It did not

cause much of a problem for the fish or the tortoise, of course, but the swans were unhappy. "When the water in the lake is less, it appears muddy. And we swans do not like muddy water," they observed.

One of the swans proposed, "We better pass more and more time in the large lake beyond the town!" The other swan approved the idea. And at once the tortoise said, "I too hate muddy water. Take me to the large lake along with you!"

"But how can that be possible? The lake beyond the town is rather far from this place. First you have to cross the forest. While doing that you might be nabbed by a wolf or even a jackal. Then you have to cross the town where they quite relish the meat of a tortoise!" pointed out the swans.

The tortoise laughed and said, "What appears so difficult to you is as simple as the water to me. Both of you can fly holding two ends of a stick in your beaks. I will hang on from the middle of the stick holding it by my mouth. Is that not a nice solution to the problem?"

"It is, provided you do not

try to speak while we fly," said the swans.

"I will not speak until we reach the new place," assured the tortoise.

The proposal was soon put into execution. The swans rose to the sky carrying the tortoise by the help of the stick.

They crossed the forest and flew over the town. Some boys who were flying kites saw the flying tortoise first. They shouted with amazement. Soon the whole town's eyes were raised upward to the sky. "What a strange sight!" cried many as they tried to keep pace with the swans running breathlessly. Some even raised tall bamboos in a bid to bring down the tortoise!

As the hullabaloo gathered volume, the tortoise became angry. He wished to shout, "Shut up!" and opened his mouth. Next moment he found himself coming down at a terrific speed. The swans shrieked, but that only resulted in the stick too following the tortoise.

The tortoise fell on the ground and was instantly dead. The man who picked it up sold it to the king at a high price, for it was a tortoise which fell from the sky!





THE LUCKY DREAM

In a small village lived Sridevi, a widow. She had two sons, Ranganath and Srinivas. The younger one, Srinivas, was lame and could walk with the support of a stick. Sridevi felt much worried thinking of Srinivas's future.

A time came when Sridevi fell sick. She could know that her end was nearing. She called Ranganath to her bed side and said, "My son! Never forget that Srinivas is your helpless younger brother. Take proper care of him."

"I will, mother, I will. Please do not worry on account of him. I will see that he is comfortable even when I am not," Ranganath assured his mother.

Sridevi's face brightened up in spite of her pain. Soon thereafter she died.

Neighbours and relatives advised Ranganath to marry so

that the bride would manage their household and would cook for them. Soon Ranganath married a girl named Kanaklata.

Kanaklata, unfortunately, could not tolerate Srinivas. She had the notion that while her husband earned, Srinivas only idled away his time and lived like a parasite. She went on teasing and ridiculing him whenever she found an opportunity. Srinivas felt sad, but never complained to his brother.

One day, while Ranganath was away, Kanaklata not only refused to serve any food to Srinivas, but also said, "There is no use providing you with food. It would be better if I spend that much on a dog which can at least guard the house!"

This was too hard a blow for

Srinivas to bear. He at once left the house.

On the way travellers took pity on him and gave him food. At his slow pace, it took him four days to reach the capital of the kingdom. It was evening. Srinivas decided to rest for the night before thinking of the next course of action. He sprawled on the veranda of a fine building and was soon fast asleep.

He dreamt that he was carrying a basketful of diamonds on his head. Suddenly a gang of bandits attacked him. He shouted, "Help! help!! Here are thieves about to escape!"

His sleep terminated at his own shriek. It so happened that the house in front of which he slept belonged to the richest jeweller of the land. Some thieves had entered his house and were about to escape with

several lakhs of rupees worth of jewellery when Srinivas started shouting.

The thieves got panicky and tried to run away throwing down the stolen property. But the neighbours, who had gathered attracted by Srinivas's shrieks, chased them and caught them.

The thieves as well as Srinivas were led to the king's court. The grateful jeweller gave a lakhs of rupees as reward to Srinivas. When the king heard the life-story of Srinivas, he arranged for the reward to be deposited in the royal treasury from which Srinivas was to draw a fat interest every month. The king also summoned Ranganath and his wife and warned them to be cautious in their dealing with Srinivas.

Needless to say, Srinivas lived happily ever thereafter.



APPOINTMENT WITH THE VAMPIRE!

Shambhunath was a Brahmin priest who was often called to perform several religious rites not only in the households of the people of his own village but also in the neighbouring villages.

Once he performed the marriage of the daughter of a wealthy man. He received his usual rewards which included some sweetmeats.

Shambhunath had to pass through a forest while returning from the wealthy man's house. When he was under a big tree, he heard a nasal tone, "Stop, you fellow. Nice you came when I was awfully hungry. I have not eaten a meal of human flesh for days!"

The Brahmin looked up and down, trembling with fear. Soon appeared before him a ghastly-looking vampire.

However, Shambhunath did not lose nerves altogether. He said, "Look here, you good old vampire, you will have to repent bitterly if you eat me. I am a sick man and I live on horrible medicines. Consequently my flesh and blood have turned poisonous. Should you

rather not taste some sweetmeats which I am in a position to offer you?"

"Sweetmeats? Sounds good. Show me immediately," commanded the vampire.

Shambhunath opened the bundle and exhibited the content. "These are luddos, made of pure ghee, and here are jilebis, made by the best jilebi-maker of this land," he said.

The vampire gulped them one after another, crying out his appreciation from time to time, "Wonderful! Excellent! Superb!" When he finished all, he asked, "Don't you have any more?"

"No, I regret to say. But if you so desire, I can bring some more for you tomorrow," replied the Brahmin and muttered as if to himself, "Pity! I don't have any money to buy all the stuffs I would need to use in preparing real good sweetmeats!"

"Don't worry," said the vampire and at once disappeared in the hollow of the tree. A minute later he reappeared, his both hands filled with gold coins. He passed them on to

Shambhunath and said, "Every time you care to bring sweetmeats, I will reward you with such gold coins."

Shambhunath thanked the vampire all the while muttering the name of the Lord, and resumed his homeward journey.

Gasping and sweating, Shambhunath narrated his unearthly experience to his wife and showed her the gold coins. Thanking God for the safe return of her husband from the vampire's clutch, she said, "What you have earned tonight is enough. You don't have to go to the vampire any more. Such beings can never be trusted. Besides, we should not be greedy."

"You are right," agreed the Brahmin, "The wealth I have got from the vampire would buy us a large estate. To look for more is to invite trouble."

While Shambhunath and his wife were talking, a lady of the neighbourhood, who had come there to meet the Brahmin's wife, was listening to them with great interest. As soon as their conversation was over, she rushed back to her house and reported the strange story to her husband, Somadas. Then she proposed, "Since the



Brahmin has decided not to meet the vampire any more, it would be excellent if you meet him with some sweetmeats which I can prepare. You can continue meeting him night after night. We can earn untold wealth!"

Somadas was delighted and agreed to do so.

Next day the lady prepared a variety of sweetmeats. When it was night Somadas proceeded to the forest carrying them.

"Have you brought sweetmeats?" he heard a fearful voice and in the next moment the vampire appeared before him.

Somadas opened the bundle

and the vampire sat down and ate them quietly. Then he gave him gold coins and said, "Bring such stuffs every night and you will be rewarded every time."

Somadas thanked him and returned home. But meeting the vampire had been too fearful an experience for him. He was most reluctant to repeat the experience.

He told his wife, "Although meeting the vampire night after night would bring us great benefit, I am afraid, it would ruin me physically and mentally. Better we remain satisfied with what we have got."

The lady thought a little and said, "Well, the vampire brings out the coins from the hollow of the tree, doesn't he? Why not visit the tree during the day when the vampire is ineffective and explore the hollow and collect all the coins once for

all?"

"That is a fine idea," said Somadas. He went into the forest in the morning and cut the hollow wider with an axe. But he found nothing inside except a heap of coal dust. Disappointed, he returned home with a handful of the dust to show to his wife.

"This is all I found," he said and threw the dust on the ground in front of his wife.

Instantly a hundred flames leaped up from the scattered dust. Somadas's house was reduced to ashes in no time. Along with the house was destroyed all his property. Strangely indeed, even the gold coins earned in the previous night seemed to have gone off in smoke! Somadas, along with his wife, had to leave the village to find shelter in his father-in-law's house.





VEER HANUMAN

Coming out of the tunnel, the Vanaras saw the vast ocean roaring before them. They collected under a huge rock in order to discuss their future course of action. The time allotted to them by Sugriva for accomplishment of the mission had already expired. Naturally they were worried.

Addressing the Vanaras, Angada said, "Heroes and friends, you are all aware of the fact that the time at our disposal has come to an end. You would recollect that at the advice of Hanuman, Sugriva had at first ordered all the Vanaras to report at Kiskindhya within fifteen days. Then, after Lakshmana met him, he sent word to all of you to collect

within ten days. Thereafter he asked us to find out Sita Devi within a period of one month. Now that the period is over, it is necessary for us to decide what we should do. Sugriva is a strict task-master. I do not expect him to excuse our failure. I will not be surprised if he should punish us with death. I would prefer a death in this exile to a death at his order. Sugriva does not like me. It is only at Sri Rama's asking that he made me the crown prince. This failure of ours would provide him with a good pretext to kill me. Why should I meet a humiliating death before my kinsmen? Better I die upon this seashore, lying quietly without food or drink."



The Vanaras were grieved at Sugriva's statement. Some of them said, "There is no point in our returning to Kiskindhya either. We too should choose to die here!"

"Why not we enter the tunnel again and pass our days hiding from the world? There is plenty to eat there, as you know. And there we would be immuned from any attack from any quarter," said Tar. Hanuman thought, while listening to Angada, "This prince, indeed, is quite clever. He knows how to inspire sympathy for himself in others at the right moment. I should not be surprised if one day he would succeed in capturing the throne

from Sugriva!"

Then he told Angada, "O prince, you are more gifted than your father in several respects. However, do not be under the impression that these Vanaras would always be by your side. They have their homes and children. Besides, a few of us, Jambavan and myself for example, are too firmly committed to our friendship with Sugriva to ever turn against him. Those who consider this tunnel a safe haven are wrong. Lakshmana's arrow can pierce the stone wall very well. But what is more important, you should not nurse wrong ideas about Sugriva. I have no doubt that he loves you as his own son. He will never do any harm to you. He is so noble!"

But Angada did not seem impressed. He said, "Sugriva is not that noble as you portray him. His brother had asked him to guard the mouth of a cave while entering it to fight with a ferocious enemy. But far from obeying his brother, Sugriva placed a big rock at the mouth of the cave and left the place. Don't you remember how Sugriva had forgotten to return Rama's kindness? If he

has sent us in search of Sita Devi, it is because he is afraid of Lakshmana. I have already spoken a lot against Sugriva. This should be cause enough, if Sugriva learns about it, for him to put me to death. No, I will not return to Kiskindhya. But I request you all to go back. Please give my regards to Rama and Lakshmana and tell them that I have no grievance against them." Thereafter Angada expressed his sorrow at the thought of his mother. Then he prostrated himself to the elder Vanaras and stretched himself on the ground.

At that all the Vanaras wept. They too, after a dip in the sea, lay around Sugriva and kept on talking about the sequence of events: Rama coming to the forest, Sita being kidnapped, the death of Jatayu, the death of Vali and their own adventures.

Suddenly they heard a voice from the cave above their heads. It was that of a huge vulture: "I see plenty of food just below my beak!"

Angada whispered to others, "I am afraid, we are in danger. This vulture is the son of the sun. You have heard of Jatayu who sacrificed his life in his futile efforts at rescuing Sita Devi. This vulture, Sampati,



happens to be the brother of the same Jatayu!"

Sampati's voice was heard even louder, "Who is it that speaks about the death of my younger brother Jatayu thereby giving me such a shock? I have had no report of Jatayu for long. Listen, you Vanaras, I have lost my wings and hence cannot get down. Would some of you come up and help me to descend?"

The Vanaras hesitated for a moment. But they thought that since they were going to die in any case, there was no point in their avoiding any risk. Angada climbed up and brought Sampati down and told him:



“ Sri Ramachandra, the son of King Dasaratha of the dynasty of the Ikshakus, had chosen to live as an exile in the forest, along with his wife Sita Devi and younger brother Lakshmana, in order to help his father fulfil a certain commitment. Sita Devi was kidnapped by Ravana while Rama was away from her for a while. Jatayu saw Ravana carrying Sita Devi in his flying chariot. Since Jatayu was a friend of Dasaratha, he tried to rescue Sita Devi. A fight ensued and Jatayu was wounded grievously. Later he was found by Rama who, upon his death, performed his funeral. Rama then entered

our kingdom and befriended Sugriva, the present king. At the order of King Sugriva, we are out in search of Sita Devi. But so far we have got no clue to her station. We feel sad at the thought of returning to our king thus unsuccessful.”

Sampati said, “ O Vanaras, Jatayu who was killed by Ravana was my younger brother. It is a pity that I am old and my wings are gone and I cannot avenge my brother's death. Once, proud of our prowess, we two brothers had rose high into the sky. When we became too close to the sun, Jatayu felt suffocated in the terrible heat. I flew over Jatayu in order to spread my wings and save him from the scorching light. But my wings got charred. I fell down and have been unable to move about. I had no news of my brother since then.” Angada asked Sampati, “ Do you know where Ravana, the demon king, lives?”

“ My son! I saw Ravana carrying a beautiful lady away, forcibly. The lady cried out, ‘ O Rama!’ I have no doubt now that she was Sita Devi. Ravana lives in an island named Lanka. He is the son of Visravasu and the younger brother

of Kuvera. Lanka is situated a hundred *Yojanas* away, inside the sea. If you can cross the sea, you are certain to meet Ravana and Sita Devi. I will be delighted if you can make Rama annihilate Ravana. Now think of some way to cross the sea," replied Sampati.

The Vanaras carried Sampati to the brink of the sea. Sampati offered his homage to Jatayu according to the rites, with the sea water.

Vanaras were happy to learn about the whereabouts of Ravana. To some further questions from Jambavan, Sampati replied: "After my wings were charred, I fell down on this mountain. All these years I have lived here and have grown old. My son, Suparswa, brings me food. One day he did not turn up at the usual time. Being old and hungry, I was angry with him when he showed up at last. He requested me to calm down and reported to me the reason for the delay. While he was looking for some food on Mount Mahendra, he saw a terrible-looking fellow passing by with a lady of untold beauty. Suparswa stopped him. But the fellow pleaded with him to let him pass. The fellow's



humility pleased my son and he let him go. Later he learnt from some spirits of the sky that the fellow was none other than Ravana, the demon-king, and the lady was Sita Devi whom he had kidnapped. That was the cause of my son's delay."

Sampati was carried back to a seat on the rock. Then he continued his story:

"When I fell down upon this place known as Vidyachala, there was an ashram here, which belonged to a great sage named Nishakara. That was eight thousand years ago. With much difficulty I entered the ashram compound and waited. Soon the sage returned, after

bathing in the spring. I was amazed to see a host of animals—lions, tigers, bears, elephants, deer and snakes—silently following him. They departed as silently as they had come after the sage entered the ashram.

“Soon the sage saw me and coming closer to me, said, ‘O king of vultures, Sampati, I remember you and your brother Jatayu well. You used to come and bow to me at times. But what has happened to you? Why do you look sick? I see your wings charred. Did anyone pass a curse on you?’

“I narrated my misfortune to the sage. I told him how we two brothers were fascinated by the infinite sky and rose higher till the lands and the rivers and the mountains below had almost faded from our vision and how I got my wings burnt

in my bid to save Jatayu from his predicament. Then I told the sage that I had no desire to live in that maimed condition and I proposed to kill myself, throwing myself down from the mountain-peak.

“But the sage assured me that a time will come when you the Vanaras would appear here in search of Sita Devi and I will get a chance to help you. Then my wings would blossom again.”

While Sampati said this, the Vanaras could see new wings flourishing upon him. Sampati, excited with joy, said, “See, how the words of the great sage are proving true! I feel rejuvenated! There is no doubt that you too will be crowned with success. Let me try the strength of my wings!”

Sampati took off and soon disappeared in the sky. Contd.





GOOD LUCK!

Once upon a time there were two old men in a certain village in Japan. Of the two Kujo was a good-natured fellow while the other, Kawa, was mischievous.

The two old men met on a new year's day and exchanged greetings.

Kujo said, "I dreamt last night that good luck poured on me from the heaven!"

"Is that so? I dreamt that good luck surged up to me from the earth!" said Kawa just to ridicule the innocent Kujo.

"I see!" observed Kujo, "Well, brother, let us wait and see and help each other if necessary!"

A few days passed. One day Kujo went to work in his field

with a spade. While uprooting a bush, he hit something hard. He removed the earth and to his great astonishment found a jar full of gold coins.

"This is no doubt good luck. But this can not be mine. My good luck was to come from above. Since this comes from the earth, this must be Kawa's. I must go and inform him about this, for we had decided to help each other if occasion so demanded," thought Kujo.

Accordingly he hurried to Kawa and said, "Brother! Your good luck has surged up from my field, in the form of a jar. Go and collect it soon. I have left it untouched."

Kujo then returned home and informed his wife what he had



done. She too agreed with him that to inform Kawa was the right thing.

Kawa went to Kujo's field out of curiosity. He found the jar all right, but looking into it, he could not see the gold coins as a snake had crept into the jar and slept on the coins, coiling.

Seeing the snake Kawa turned red with fury. "Kujo wanted to give me a shock, did he? Well, well, I will return the shock to him when he would expect it least," mumbled Kawa and putting the lid back on the jar, he carried it home.

At midnight Kawa climbed to the roof of Kujo's home by

the help of a ladder, carrying the jar along with him. Through the chimney he found Kujo fast asleep. He removed the lid of the jar and at once poured its content down into Kujo's room. In the darkness he could not see that the snake escaped, crawling over the roof, into the nearby jungle.

Kujo and his wife woke up at the sound of gold coins pouring in. "Look, how my dream comes true! Had I not dreamt that my good luck would pour from heaven?" commented the jubilant Kujo.

"Indeed!" said his equally jubilant wife!

Make sure of your copy of Chandamama by placing a regular order with your Newsagent

TALL TALKS

Five friends were passing through a forest. Among them one was deaf, another was blind, the third one was lame who was carried by the blind, the fourth one had no hands and the fifth was a beggar.

All on a sudden, pretending as if he could hear some sound, the deaf cried out, "I'm afraid, we are being pursued by some bandits!"

"Right," shouted the blind, "I can see dust rising at some distance."

"Let us then run away!" proposed the lame.

"Why should we? We must give a good thrashing to the bandits!" said the man without hands.

"You will go on discussing what to do till the bandits thoroughly plunder me!" lamented the beggar.





MOTIVES FOR MARRIAGE

This happened when King Devdutt ruled over the land of Vishala.

The king's only child, Chandramati, was a girl of great beauty and rare virtues. She was born with some strange power: the sick were cured at her touch.

The fame of Princess Chandramati's beauty and quality had spread into many lands. Many a prince desired to marry her.

"My daughter, it is time for you to get married," the king one day told the princess.

"Father! Choose a few princes who you think are the best among the candidates. Invite them to our palace. I will then tell you who among

them deserved to marry me," said the princess.

Kind Devdutt, after much reflection, thought four princes to be the most worthy ones of all. Accordingly he invited the four—Jay, Ajay, Vijay and Vinay—to his palace. The king received them cordially when they arrived and told a maid-servant, "Look, Chandi, ask the princess to come here."

Chandi went away, but she returned after a while and reported, "My lord! The princess is busy worshipping the deity in the temple. She will continue to be there till the full-moon night and will be available only after that."

The king turned to his young

guests and said, "That means, you can see the princess after four days. Please stay here till then. I hope, you will enjoy your stay. Chandi will look after your comforts."

The princes agreed. They were lodged in four different apartments of the palace. Chandi visited them by turns and saw that all their needs were met.

Prince Jay had heard much about the beauty of Chandramati. He was most eager to have a look at her. He was restless by nature and four days seemed a great stretch of time to him.

When Chandi came to his room to put fresh flowers in the vase, he said, "Chandi! I don't mind if I can't talk to the princess now. But can't I steal a glimpse of hers secretly?"

Chandi seemed to hesitate a bit and then said, "Well, I am not supposed to show the princess to you now. However, it might be unkind on my part to disappoint you. Follow me. But please don't tell a word about it to anybody."

Jay followed Chandi.

They soon reached the sanctuary situated in a lonely corner of the palace. Chandi



pulled a screen to a side and whispered to Jay to peep inside.

Jay peeped with great expectations. But he looked pale instantly. The lady who sat in meditation before the deity was extremely ugly.

"Nice you obliged me, Chandi. I need not waste four days here," said Jay and departed the same evening.

Next morning, while Chandi was changing the cover of Prince Ajay's bed, he asked her, "Can you tell me why Jay suddenly left?"

Chandi lowered her voice and said, "He desired to have a look at the princess. I let him



have it. Unfortunately he thought that the princess was too ugly for him to marry her! So he left."

"I see," said Ajay, "no doubt one should ordinarily look for a beautiful wife. But how could Jay forget that one who would marry princess Chandramati would in due course get her father's kingdom? It was foolish of him to leave in a huff!"

"You hope to get the kingdom if you marry the princess, do you? I am sorry to inform you that although our king has no son of his own, he has adopted his sister's son who

would naturally succeed him to the throne," said Chandramati.

"Good gracious! Why then should I wait here?" muttered Ajay and left for his home.

When Vijay heard from Chandi about the departure of Jay and Ajay as well as the causes of their departure, he laughed and said, "Both are fools. What if the princess was not beautiful? What if the kingdom did not come to the bridegroom? After all, we all have our own kingdoms to rule! I am here because I have heard that the princess, by her touch, can cure the sick. My parents are bed-ridden with some incurable diseases for years. My only purpose in seeking to marry your princess is to get my parents cured by her."

"But that is only a tall tale!" said Chandi, "How do you believe that anybody could cure the sick by mere touch?"

"Is that so? Why did you not tell me so earlier?" said Vijay and he lost no time in leaving the palace.

Chandi went to Prince Vinay's apartment in the evening. Vinay appeared unwell.

"What happened to you? Are you sick?" asked Chandi.

"Chandi! I am afraid, I am

going to die. There is a piercing pain in my chest," replied Vinay as the muscles of his face contorted.

Chandi summoned the court physician. Vinay was put to sleep by some medicine. After the physician departed, Chandi herself put her hand on Vinay's chest and meditated.

When Vinay opened his eyes in the morning, he felt no pain. He saw Chandi seated near his head.

He said, "Chandi! I don't know how to thank you. Yesterday my ailment was sudden and severe. I did not wish to create a fuss in this kind

host's palace. But I was almost sure that my end was not far. You saved me. I can see from your face that you have not slept a wink and have nursed me through the whole night. Listen, Chandi, your princess, I have no doubt, is a maiden of great virtues. But I will be happy to marry you. Where else can I ever get such sympathy? Please accompany me to my kingdom and our marriage will duly be performed."

Chandi smiled and said, "I accept your proposal. We will marry. And for your information, my name is not Chandi, but Chandramati."



If you are a Subscriber . . .

We have many thousands of subscribers to CHANDAMAMA magazines, so all the envelopes have to be addressed by the 5th of the preceding month. So, you can see, it is very important that we are informed promptly of any change of address to ensure you receive your copy of the magazine without any delay.

DOLTON AGENCIES

'Chandamama Buildings'

MADRAS - 600 026

**for young
writers**



SWAN
junior pen



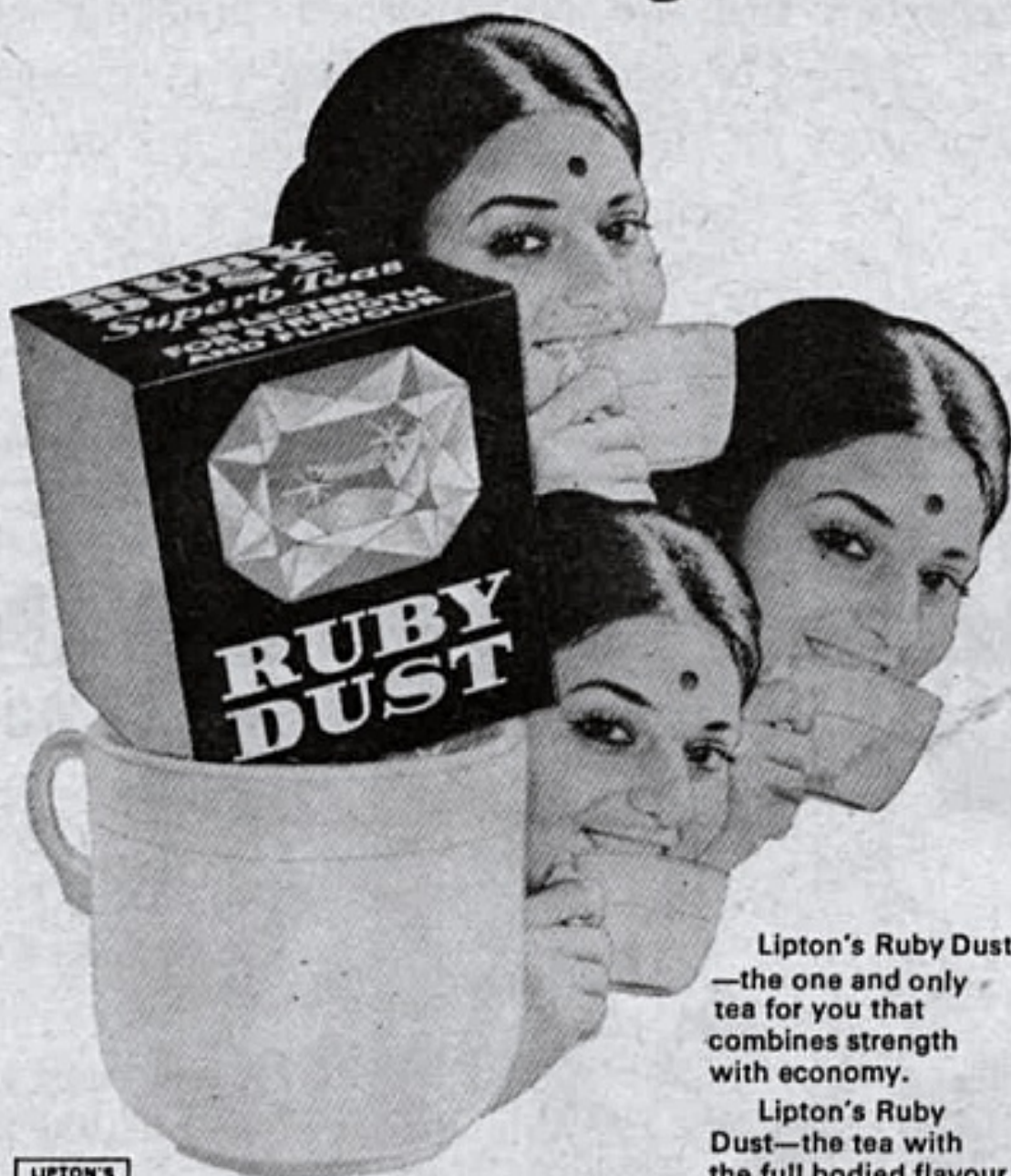
For best results, use
SWAN DELUXE INK



**SWAN (INDIA)
PRIVATE LIMITED**
Bombay • New Delhi

Only RUBY DUST tea offers you all three

1. INSTANT LIQUOR **2.** RICH FLAVOUR **3.** MORE CUPS PER PACK



Lipton's Ruby Dust
—the one and only
tea for you that
combines strength
with economy.

Lipton's Ruby
Dust—the tea with
the full bodied flavour
and strong liquor.



Only packaged teas retain
their flavour and freshness.

LIPTON'S RUBY DUST for better
and more cups per pack

LRDC-10/74

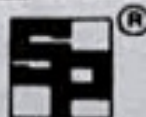


HT-HSI 8124 R

Sanitaryware
& Wall Tiles
made to
international standards

**II II[®] HINDUSTAN
VITREOUS
II II[®] SANITARYWARE
& INDUSTRIES LIMITED**

2 Wellesley Place, Calcutta 700 001



**SOMANY-PILKINGTON'S
LIMITED**

Kassar, Rohtak, Haryana

Gobblins

have come!!



New

Goblins

fruit toffees
for you....
much fun to chew

PARLE